Me and My Home

Rain is the first thing that comes to my mind when I think of my childhood. I am Nikhil Joboy Rudolf. I loved playing in the rain with my friends. From what I remember, there has been times when it had not stopped raining for days. We had to sneak out from the house to play in the rain and we knew we would get caught sooner or later. I grew up in a place near the southern tip of India. Beach was near and the sea breeze was the finest feeling all the time.

My grandpa used to be the headmaster of the school at our place. He pretty much taught everyone in that village. One advantage was that even I got respect that people gave to my grandpa. People back me up if I get in trouble. But in fact I would not into much trouble because I was expected to be a good person like my grandpa. My grandpa passed away in 2008 and I remember the huge gathering of people at his funeral.

I went to a school outside of our village. Life was going on good. Everyone in a class knew each other well one way or other. No one is ever left behind. I was our class leader, or as we call it here the class president. Once I finished my tenth grade, my family decided to move to the US with the intent of my higher studies. It took me a while, but I got adapted. But I never stopped missing my friends I had.

I go back every once in a while, to visit my friends and other family members. And I always felt that something is out of place. My friends are busy someway or other. I had a notion that I when I return I could get back where I left off. But I cannot recognize most of the stuff that I left and I don’t know if I will be able to catch up. But, home is always home.